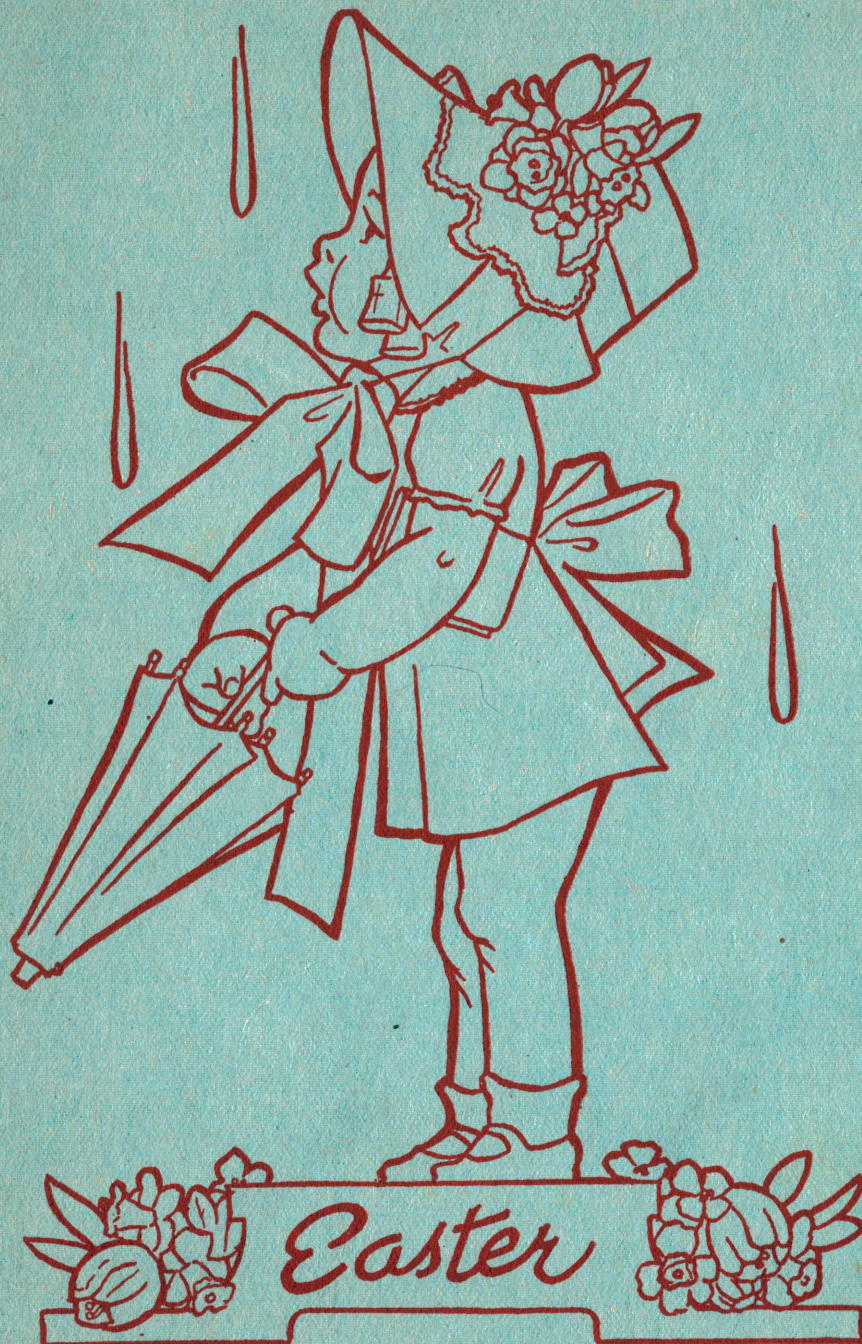


# The Student's Pen



March, 1940



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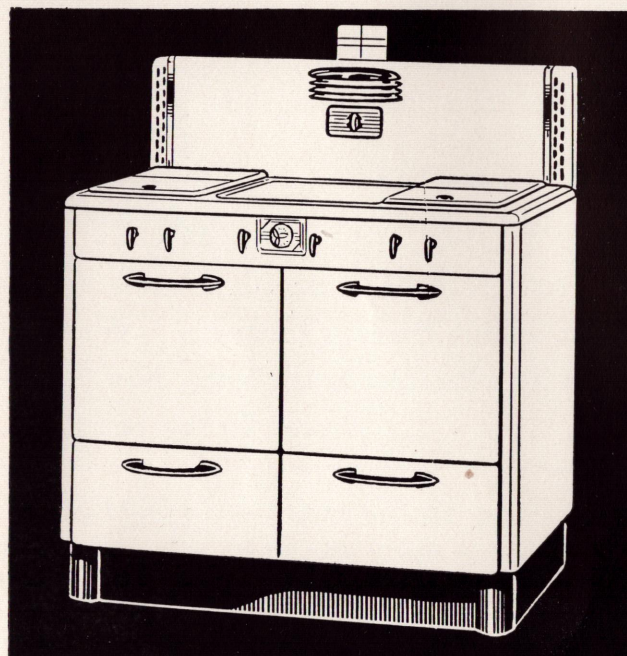
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# The Student's Pen

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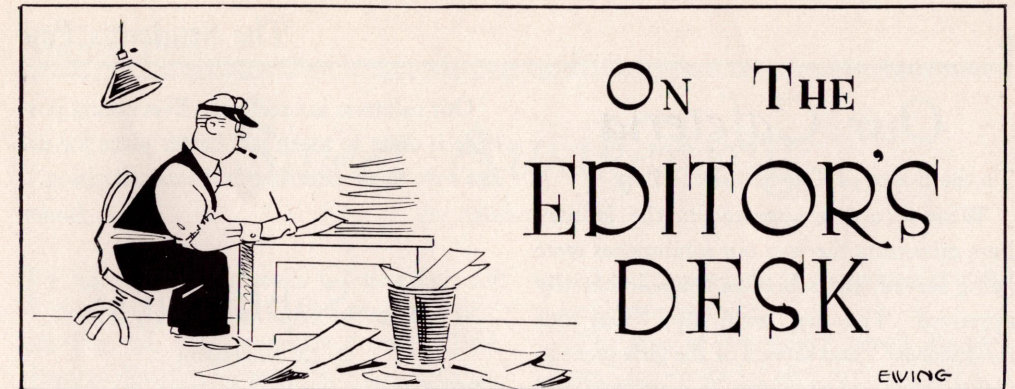
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# A Part to Play

By Bruce Hainsworth

RECENTLY we were privileged to attend a concert given by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Now, we're no experts on music, but the concert taught us a lot—not only about the masterpieces of Weber, Brahms and Rimsky-Korsakoff, but also about life.

It seems that this great orchestra (or any other, for that matter) bears a striking resemblance to life—not the lives of persons, but the life of society as a whole.

A symphonic orchestra is exceedingly complex. If one glance at the musicians assembled on the stage does not convince the skeptic of this fact, let him examine the conductor's score, from which he may learn that the players of each of the seemingly numberless types of instruments have a task to perform and that each of the individual players in these groups plays a definite part of his own. In life, many people have similar occupations; these occupations correspond to the instrument groups. Further, no two persons—even if their occupations are alike—live in the same manner; each person, then, is a musician.

Sitting in the audience, the uninitiated is apt to wonder why there is a triangle player in the orchestra, for this meek individual rarely makes his instrument speak. And why are there fifty violins?—wouldn't forty-nine be enough? The violinist and the triangle player are included in the orchestra because

they fill a need; each makes the music fuller, blending with the more prominent instruments to produce the musical perfection which a great symphonic orchestra represents. Every man has his place in life, too. Of course, some are more important than others, but nevertheless each is necessary to complete life's pattern. Furthermore, the musician's part in a piece is seldom melodious and pleasing by itself, although it is necessary to bring out the melody. So it is in life, where men find drabness is usually their lot.

In an orchestra every musician must carefully watch the conductor and do his bidding; otherwise the harmony becomes discord and the concert is a failure, for a single false note at the climax of a piece ruins the effect. In life the leader is the conductor, the citizens are the musicians. If the citizens cooperate with one another through the medium of their leader, their government is a success, and prosperity reigns. This is harmony. But if the citizens do not work with their leader, dissension, strife, and unhappiness inevitably follow. This, needless to say, is discord.

Shakespeare seems to bear me out in my opinion that life is like an orchestra, for does he not say in "As You Like It":

"All the world's a stage

And all the men and women merely players."?



## Our Cafeteria

To the Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN:—

When an article appeared in the January PEN, criticizing the way our sandwiches were being served, the school as a whole heartily approved. The cry went up, "Cut our sandwiches!", and several of the girls went as far as signing their names to a petition and putting it in the suggestion box. I was among this group. We all thought how convenient it would be for us, but not one of us considered the trouble it might cause behind the lunch counter.

Miss Madden, the head of the cafeteria, explained the situation to me and I discovered there were many things I didn't know about the kitchen where our food is prepared.

In the first place, "A Senior" said, "I think our cafeteria as a whole is excellent except for one fault that could be easily remedied." Then he requested that our sandwiches be cut. No doubt, we thought of the simple procedure required to cut one sandwich, but there is a vast difference between one and six or seven hundred. Just how easy would it be to cut all the sandwiches?

To make a sandwich requires little time, but the bother and expense of cutting it is more than we realize. Miss Madden works against time. Our lunches have to be planned and made up and the Junior High schools have to be provided with food from our kitchen. At present, there are six women cooking for us, but if they were to start cutting the sandwiches, another would have to be hired. This would entail the expense of putting another person on the payroll. Our cafeteria, like everything else today, is run on a budget, which, at the present time, is taxed to its capacity. Do we want the prices of our lunches to go up when we might just as well get a knife from the tray and cut the sandwiches ourselves?

Our cafeteria is excellent. Everything possible is done to make it a better place for us. Let's do more cheering and less criticizing.

A Junior

## A Soph Says:

By D. Moynihan

THAT Eagle editorial about the poll of thousands of U. S. high school pupils caught my attention. They want to stand on their own feet and wish no government aid. That's news! So, here we are, the Sophs, seven hundred strong, all with the desire to give to our school, instead of always *expecting* the school to do for us. There's the first principle of Democracy. We certainly have plenty of Youth which the writers tell us means courage and confidence. We are so lucky to have one of the finest high schools in the land. Then, let the youngest and the largest class in the school exclaim, "We're mighty glad to be here, folks! We aim to help you-all."

## YOU CAN'T WIN

By Betty Moore

I wish some pal would tell me why  
I always fail, although I try  
To keep myself from out harm's way  
And watchful parents' wish obey.  
But sometimes their ideas conflict,  
And thus each other contradict.  
My dad says "Don't", my mom says "Do"  
And Sis adds her two cents' worth too.  
Says Mom, "Go on and keep your date."  
Says Dad, "No, you get in too late."  
Down goes his foot—no ifs, no buts,  
While Sis just yells a hearty "Nuts."  
And I, poor sap, just can't sit by  
When chance to use my mouth is nigh.  
I open it—two feet crowd in.  
So I give up—I just can't win!

## Sweet Awakening

By Marion Willis

IT was very dull in study hall that day. Of course, it was very dull every other day, but this one was especially drowsy. Dick slumped down in his seat, regarding with utter disgust his pal across the aisle working industriously on a composition.

"Carter, sit up!" bawled the teacher, Mr. Nixon, from his vantage point at the front of the room. "Open a book!" he commanded, sounding amazingly like a general ordering an advance.

Dick flipped open his English book rather lazily, regarding with furrowed brow the scribbled assignment. "A narrative on something that happened to you." That was bad. Dick had a distinct distaste for English, dating from the time when his sophomore English teacher pitilessly humiliated him for writing notes to the blonde in the front seat.

A narrative! Hmm. Dick craned his neck to see what Bill across the aisle was writing. Bill looked up with a dazzling smile that caused Dick to turn abruptly to see what girl Bill was smiling at. Bill threw back his head in a hearty—if silenced—laugh and Dick slumped back sheepishly, realizing the smile was for him.

It seemed he had been sitting there for ages in a sort of daze imagining dreamily that he was the hero of the hockey game. The buzzer sounded rather distant when it rang, but when Mr. Nixon said in a sarcastic voice, "Carter, you're wanted down at the office," he arose with alacrity and left the room under close scrutiny of fifty pairs of eyes.

"What do you suppose they want of me?" he wondered to himself as he meandered slowly down the hall. It didn't seem particularly amazing at the time when he saw that the office looked more like a court room, but the fact that the principal, Mr. Walker,

was sitting imposingly at the judge's seat did make him wonder a bit.

"The case of the school versus Richard Carter," announced a very dry voice, and to Dick's surprise it belonged to Mr. Nixon.

"First witness, Miss Baxter," drawled Mr. Nixon to the judge and the assembled body of students. Dick's healthy history teacher strutted to the stand.

"You say this culprit never does his work?" encouraged Nick, a gleam in his eye.

"Yes—and the marks he gets on his tests!" exploded the usually placid Miss Baxter. "He sits and makes eyes at the girl by the window all period and gets the class laughing because of his antics."

"Hmmm—a clown, heh?" frowned Nick, stroking an imaginary beard. "Next witness, Mr. Davis."

The tall, lanky Math teacher walked with casual grace to the stand.

"This boy—," Nick pointed to Dick—"Never does his work, does he?"

"Right!" answered Mr. Davis emphatically. "He does get it, but I know very well he copies from the Mallory boy because he can't answer a single question in class. If he's entertaining any notions of going to Williams on any recommendation of mine, he'd better forget it."

Dick swallowed. He had wanted to go to Williams very badly.

"Next witness, Miss Janis."

The slight English teacher hurried with short steps to the stand, smiling nervously at Nick.

"What about this boy?" demanded Nick crossly.

"Well," began Miss Janis feebly, smiling a little in Dick's direction. "He does have won-



derful ideas. He might make a very good journalist if—"

"—if he weren't so stupid, is that it?" interrupted Nick.

"Oh, no," said Miss Janis quickly. Dick flashed her a broad smile, and felt that Miss Janis wasn't such a bad old girl after all.

"He just won't do his work; that's all," continued the teacher. "I don't know what's the trouble!"

"Is there anything to prove to the court that he doesn't do his assignments?" asked Nick slyly.

"Well, no. But we are having a narrative assignment for tomorrow, and I can tell you almost for a fact that he will come in to tell me that his aunt was very ill, or that they lost their dog. He usually does."

Dick blinked. That was exactly what he had planned to do.

"Ahem!" Mr. Walker cleared his throat importantly. "The accused is found guilty. I sentence you, Richard Llewellyn—" Here Dick winced. How he hated that name!—

"Carter, to spend two hours after school every day working with these teachers. You also must discontinue your athletic activities after school. That is all."

That was enough. Dick gulped. No more basketball! No more hockey!

"I'll do my work, Mr. Walker," he pleaded earnestly. "Honestly, I'll get A on the next history test, wait and see. I'll pass those Math exams with flying colors, and I'll write a narrative for English that'll make the critics sit up and take notice. Really I will!"

"Go back to your study hall. You heard my decision," ordered Mr. Walker firmly.

Dick turned forlornly and with lagging steps he returned to the study hall under the sharp watch of the same fifty pairs of eyes that watched him go out. He slumped down in his seat pondering over the injustice of it all. When the buzzer rang this time, it sounded faint and far off, but Dick jumped to a sitting position.

Bill laughed.

"Martha Nelson, office," said Mr. Nixon in a cool voice. Dick sighed a deep breath of relief, as he got out some paper preparatory to starting his composition.

Bill looked up.

"Have a nice sleep," he grinned.

Dick smiled weakly and began to write at top speed the thrill of his first hockey game. Gosh, but he was glad it was all just a dream!

### ATTRACTION

By J. C. M.

I looked at her closely; a beauty she was!  
Her brow was as soft as a peach's fuzz.  
Her hair was long and silky and black  
And it hung very prettily down in back.

Her figure was such as I'd never seen,  
In her eyes there shown a heavenly gleam.  
But then I thought and changed my course,  
I couldn't date HER—for SHE was a HORSE

### THE EGOTIST

Anonymous

I think that I shall never see  
A person lovelier than me—  
Whose eyes more brightly shine than mine,  
With turned up nose and mouth divine—  
A person with more stately grace,  
With prettier hair, more beauteous face;  
With lovely voice and wisdom deep  
I'm even gorgeous when asleep!  
There never was another fair  
Whose charms with mine could quite compare!

### WHITE MESSENGERS

By Ruth Beran

In the midst of a brisk winter's evening,  
While we gaze at the new fallen snow—  
We watch the tiny white snowflakes  
Like crystals, falling so slow.

Each drops like a soft downy feather  
On its journey down from above;  
Some stop to peep in our windows  
And give us His message of love.

## Food for Thought

By Patricia Connolly

JEANNE was thoughtful as she walked home from school.

"Mother," she said, on entering the house, "George has asked me to the Prom. What am I going to do?"

Puzzled, her mother replied, "But, my dear! I see no reason to be so sad about it all! George is a very nice boy. I should think you would be delighted to go with him."

"Yes, I know," Jeanne sighed, "George is nice and I like him. But, why couldn't Ted have asked me? I did so want to go with him. Oh, well—" she broke off and went up to her room to brood over the injustice of life.

For all its injustice, life went on as usual, and Jeanne didn't let it disturb her too much. Sometimes she did wonder why she was so sure of having a better time if she went with Ted, rather than George. Why couldn't one have a good time anyway? She pondered on this important question two days later as she walked from school. Suddenly a voice hailed her and, turning, she caught sight of Ted hurrying after her.

Somewhat out of breath, he overtook her and they strolled down the street together. For some minutes they chatted of school events; then as they neared Jeanne's house, Ted finally stuttered shyly, "Do you think—that is, are you—I mean—will you go to the Prom with me?"

Jeanne gasped and thoughts of George flitted through her mind. Oh, why had she—but Ted was waiting for her answer. She just wasn't able to refuse. She would think of George later.

"Oh, Ted," she cried, "I'd just adore it. It was sweet of you to ask me. Well, here we are. Mother will be waiting so we'd better talk about it later. G'bye," and Jeanne dashed rather unceremoniously up the path.

"Mother," she exclaimed, rushing in, "what do you think? Ted asked me to the Prom! Imagine! Isn't it wonderful!"

Ann Madden gazed at her daughter in amazement. "But, my dear! What about George?"

Jeanne abruptly stopped whirling around the room and dropped into a chair with a stricken expression on her face. Yes, *what* about George? She would have to think of him now. There it was again, the injustice of life. What could she do? The Prom was two weeks off and she must think of a solution before then.

Indeed, what was to be done? This question haunted Jeanne for the next two weeks. Rack her brains as she might, she could think of nothing. Finally she just decided to let fate take its course and do nothing. The Friday of the dance came and Jeanne still didn't know whether her evening was going to be a dream or a nightmare. Suppose George arrived first. What would she say? Suppose Ted appeared first, what then? At six o'clock the phone rang and Jeanne rushed to answer it.

"Hello," she said, "oh, Ted! You—what!—you can't come? What?—An emergency?—And you're arranging with George to take me to the dance! Oh, Ted! How could you?" And in tears, she hung up the receiver.

When George arrived at eight-thirty to claim his lady, there was a grin on his face.

"You see," he explained, "we knew a week ago that you had promised both of us, and we're not so keen about two-timers, so we decided to teach you a lesson. Ted is taking Grace Brewer, and I—well, just because I like you and know you mean all right, I'm taking you."





## Pudgy

By Richard Kaufmann

HAVE you ever been bitten by the love bug, and when you went to call on Her, been bitten by Her dog, too? Any of you who have had either or both of these experiences will appreciate my adventure with a dog, a love bug, and a girl.

Dogs have never liked me—Pudgy didn't. He still doesn't, but he tolerates me now, and at least he doesn't bite anymore. As time goes on, Pudgy may even grow to like me—so may his mistress.

Her family said that Pudgy had never bitten anyone before he bit me. But the dog must have liked biting people, for he has bitten others. He bit E. Z.—he's my rival. (Pudgy is a smart dog.)

People often talk of horse sense, but dogs are the only really intelligent animals. For example, when we (She and I, that is) wish to be left alone, Pudgy knows enough to "take a powder"—Her brother and sister don't. (But, of course, Pudgy is a smart dog.)

Pudgy sheds, and his short white hairs are left in a long trail all around the house. These white hairs, about an inch in length, adhere readily to my clothing. When I come from a date with Her, mother says, "You've been

over to Her house, for I can see Pudgy's hairs all over you." Mother is a detective; Pudgy is a shedder.

While Pudgy and I do not like each other very much, I cannot help but admire this dog, if only because we have so much in common. We both hate cats; we both like Her—Oh! yes, we both hate E. Z. (Yes, Pudgy is a smart dog.)

But Pudgy does not like "swing". He will tolerate it, but he really doesn't like it, for whenever we tune B. G. in on the radio, Pudgy will listen for a minute to Benny's clarinet and then will trot off to the kitchen. I have tried to explain "swing's" good points, but Pudgy still thinks it is just a lot of noise.

I like Pudgy, though. I have to—"Love me, love my dog."

## THE HUNTER

By Loraine Dakin

Big man,  
Shiny gun—  
L'il rabbit,  
Some fun!

Big woods,  
Lot'sa trees—  
Soggy ground,  
Cold breeze.

Big log,  
Hole inside—  
L'il rabbit  
Goes hide.

Big man,  
On his knees—  
No rabbit,  
Big sneeze!

## "Ready---Take!"

By Loraine Dakin

THE director was tearing his hair, the cameraman was distraught, and the hero was sneezing. The extras were grumbling and the thunder overhead did nothing to lessen the confusion on the lot.

"For the last time, will you put some life in the scene, Marta?" roared the director. "You love him, see? He's lyin' there stiff and cold, see? You're nuts about the guy and now he's dead, see? Now, let's get going!"

The hero stifled a sneeze and lay down on the damp ground; the extras ceased their uneasy movement and the cameraman settled himself.

"Ready, take!" called the director. Whirr-rrr, the film began passing the lens. The hero tried not to breathe, but now and then a big, stifled sneeze would make him twitch uncontrollably. The extras bent over him and a few of the girls had tears in their eyes (there was a noticeable smell of onions in the air). Suddenly a shriek rang out and the group parted. A beauteous female, resplendent in furs, stood there gazing at the body—one hand went to her heart, while the other went upward with a motion anything but graceful.

"O-oh, Wilbur! My darling, speak to me—," she mumbled as she carefully bent over the body.

"Say something, dearest one! Tell me you're not dead, light of my life!"

Her voice was a wonderful example of a monotone as she fell on her knees—

"Say he's alive! Tell me he's alive!" and she raised her arms jerkily to those about her.

"Cut! Cut!" screeched the irate director, stamping out into the scene. "You're about as emotional as a—as a rock, Marta. This is the twenty-second time we've rehearsed this scene, and money doesn't grow on trees, you know—"

The gang had adjourned to the director's game room (also known as Dick Haley's ga-

rage) and were now comfortably draped around in various positions.

"Here's cocoa and sandwiches for you aspiring, rather you expiring actors," said the host and immediately the males were no longer hanging amorously on the words of the girls, for when food time came it was every man for himself.

"Gosh, Marta, I'm sorry I yelled so at you, but that makes the 'nth time we've taken that same scene and Pat's uncle's patience and charitable spirit won't last much longer at this rate."

"That's per-r-fectly all right, old boy," said Marta languidly and Dick groaned inwardly—she'd evidently seen another one of Gloria Glorya's pictures. Whenever she did, she talked, walked, slept and ate in the same languid Glorya manner.

"I'm so-oo sorry I can't (she pronounced it cawan't) see it your way, Dick, but I'm sure Gloria Glorya wouldn't make a scene even if it were her loved one lying there cold and stark before her. Even if her heart were breaking she would not act so tragic as you would have me, I'm sure." With these words she handed her cup to Dick, patted his hand (a completely Glorya gesture) and with a complacent—

"See you on the set, tomorrow, lambies," strolled from the room. As the door closed behind her, Dick slammed down the cup and saucer and began pacing up and down like some caged lion.

"If only there were some way of making her snap out of it!" he groaned. "There oughta be something we could do."

"Yeah, bud whad?" The cold ground had played a dirty trick on the hero's vocal cords.

"She wouldn't be so cool if you were even hurt a little—" chimed another.

"That's right!" said Pat, for it was understood that Dick and Marta were "that way."



"Say-y, I've got an idea—"

"No wonder you look so pleased—"

"No cracks, I'm serious—if I were to have an accident and Marta were to see me lying there cut and bleeding—I wonder—" Dick speculated.

When Marta arrived in the Haley's back field the next morning, she was surprised to find no one there.

"Hm, hm, I'm sure Dick said there'd be shooting today—Oh, well," she gestured carelessly and dropped listlessly into the director's chair.

"The gang'll be here in a few minutes," she thought—then, "Why, Pat, what's wrong!"

"It's—it's Dick—he's hurt!"

"Poof, what do you mean? Isn't he in the house?"

"No, he was riding his bicycle on Carter road and got caught in a rut. He's all cut and bleeding!"

"Oh-oh, no!" screeched Marta in a most unladylike way, "where is he? Oh, please tell me! Hurry!" She fairly galloped over the ground. Poor Pat could hardly keep up with her. With blonde hair flying and her face streaked with tears, she arrived at the little gathering about a twisted bicycle and an inert figure. With a moan she pushed her way through the group, never noticing the faint odor of onions and threw herself down beside the pitiful figure of Dick.

"Darling, please say something," she gasped, shuddering at the blood which streaked his dear face.

"Oh, tell me he's not dead," she whispered, raising her tear-filled eyes heavenward.

"Cut!" yelled the director sitting up and brushing the ketchup from his eyes.

"Swell! Perfect!" called the cameraman.

"What a take!" from the gang.

"You-you beast!" screeched Marta forgetting her poise. "You—you monster! I'll get even with you for this."

But the director only grinned. At last, the picture was finished to his satisfaction.

## Wintry March?

By Geraldine Seagrave

"IN like a lion, out like a lamb; or in like a lamb, out like a lion," is the prophetic phrase attached to that most undependable month of months—March. One never knows from one March day to the next whether to expect snow, sleet, or rain. This month seems to be just a misfit between the exhilarating coldness of February and the gentle, refreshing rains of April.

March is the time of the year when parties are duller. The would-be-hostess simply doesn't know whether to build her decorating scheme around a make-believe ski jump or around a centerpiece of lovely tulips. Perhaps that's why Fate saw that such notables as Lincoln and Washington were born in the comparatively settled month of February so that the parties and celebrations in their honor would be over and all but forgotten by the time the "thaw sets in". Of course, the St. Patrick Day celebration won't cause too much suffering if the day is somewhat stormy, but Easter is quite another matter.

Just think ahead for a moment to Easter time. You know, even that seemingly far-away date is in March. Can't you just picture the displays in the local store windows? There will be pastel dresses and soft, lightweight coats draped on models arranged to suggest a spring stroll across deep green lawns where tulips lift their heads to proclaim the warmth they are evidently feeling from the sun. You view this charming scene and then turn away to face reality. What do you see? Not the pretty freshness of spring, but the cold drab dreariness of disillusioning snow. Truly, I think that if Easter Day is going to be as cold and altogether unpleasant as March 24 usually is, the fashion designers would do well to help the fur trappers in a big way and advocate for "the all around spring outfit"—a fur coat.

## On Fishing

By Betty Moore

ALTHOUGH it can scarcely be said that I have reached the stage wherein I am actually decrepit, nevertheless I feel positively antiquated when I look back upon that carefree youngster of seven who made her way so light-heartedly along the banks of a nondescript river. Her appearance could not be described as particularly glamorous or alluring, for her hair was arranged quite unbecomingly with a none-too-straight part in the middle and with bangs, which being a bit overlong, came about level with her eyes, thus creating an unclipped-poodle effect.

In one hand she held a bamboo pole equipped with a tangled string, at the end of which dangled the inevitable bent pin, from which there dangled, in turn, a slightly anemic-looking worm, which had long since given up the ghost. In her other hand she clutched a tin can whose label brazenly announced to the world in general that it had contained tomatoes by picturing one in all its oversized and over-ripe glory. Upon examining the can more closely, however, one would find it to contain no more and no less than a perpetually squirming mass of despairing worms.

Having selected a spot which she deemed suitable, she carefully removed the dead worm from the pin and, selecting one of his livelier fellows from the can, she placed him gently but firmly on the hook, apparently much to his displeasure.

Having done this, she proceeded to dangle the unlucky fellow in the water directly in front of a fish of sorts which had been snooping here and there in search of stray tid-bits. Considering himself extremely lucky to have his dinner served to him on a silver platter, as it were, the fish greedily snapped up the unfortunate worm and attempted to continue his search, but horrors! He had been hooked!

The young fisherwoman, who had been

watching anxiously, grinned happily and hauled the protesting fish to shore. She gave no evidence of disappointment upon discovering that it was a pumpkin-seed, for to her a fish was a fish despite its social standing in fishdom. Her delight was short-lived, however, for as she was in the process of extracting the pin from the fish's violently working mouth, the unhappy victim gave a last desperate wrench of his body and fell with a resounding splash into the water where, not even pausing to bid his disgruntled captor "adieu", he swam hurriedly away.

Not to be discouraged by such a trivial matter, the little fisherwoman trudged determinedly onward to try her luck farther upstream.

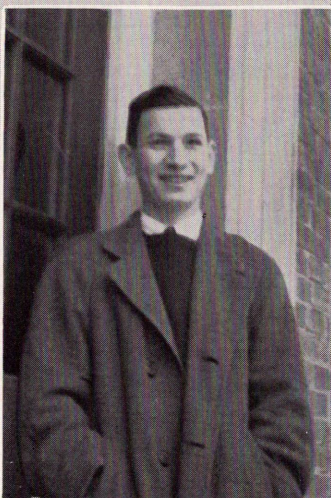
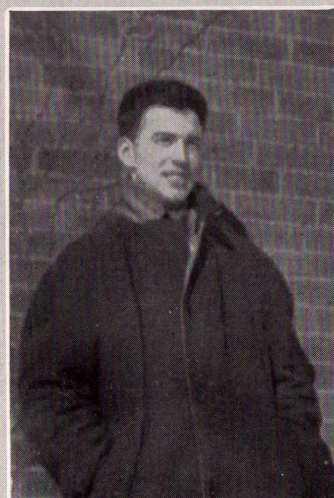
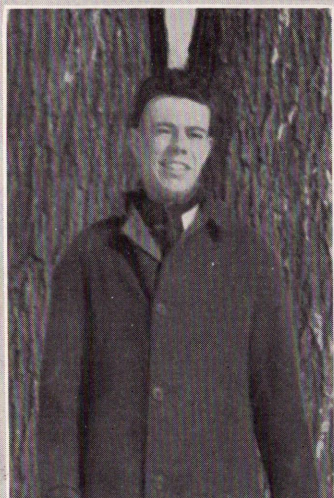
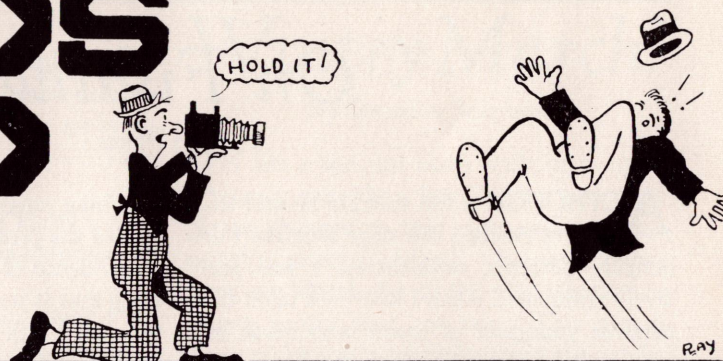
Now, from the ripe old age of—well, it's quite old anyway—I look back upon that girl, who was my former self, with distaste, for I now consider her nothing more or less than a young savage with no regard for the suffering worms she employed to bait the unsuspecting fish, nor for the fish itself, which, without a doubt, resented being hooked.

My change of heart occurred quite suddenly. It came about in a never-to-be-forgotten dream wherein I found myself first a worm and then a fish. I experienced the terror and endured the agonies of both upon being hooked. As I was about to be decapitated by the fisherman's knife, I awakened from this horrible nightmare in a cold sweat, and during the black hours of the night, I suffered untold agonies of remorse for the misery I had caused so many wretched worms and fish. From then onward, wild horses could not make me bring myself to bait a hook or catch a fish.

I look haughtily down upon any unenlightened individual who still continues to fish and merely say to myself, "He'll find out how it feels when he's a worm!" I did!



# WHO'S WHO



March, 1940

15

## TRACK STAR

Ready—on your mark—Go! ! Run and meet Bill Pierson, track star and President of the Sigma Epsilon Hi-Y. A whiz at the half mile, he likes brunettes and basketball. Chocolate cream pie is his favorite (get the cook book, lassies). General Chairman of the very successful Mikado, he maintains he has no dislikes and loves everyone. Studying and any other kind of work leaves him cold. His one ambition is to be President of the Recession Club (for better and more organized loafing.)

## TRI-Y PRESIDENT

A young lady who has already made for herself quite a place in PHS is Helen Wade, who is the vice president of the Junior Class and president of the Tri-Y besides being active in Glee Club and THE PEN. Helen thinks that clams and Latin prose are two things the world could do without. As for going to bed nights and getting up mornings, it's a hard job indeed for her. Quite contrary to the best principles of diet, Helen loves sundaes—but don't we all? Hoping some day to decide upon a career, Helen delights in photography and amateur radio—though she claims she's too lazy to work hard enough to get her license!

## SKIER EXTRAORDINARY

'Tenshun! Boys and girls meet Bill Eckerson, Sergeant of Arms of the Senior Hi-Y. Captain of the Ski team, he likes skiing—regardless (of what, I wonder). For a perfect day give him a T-bone steak for breakfast, a T-bone steak for dinner, a T-bone steak for supper, and for dessert—you've guessed it. Now girls don't dye but—he prefers blondes! He likes chemistry but says it doesn't like him—and he hates to get up in the morning! (where've I heard that before?) A band member, he's an ardent swing fan but right now is unable to demonstrate his rug-cuttin' because of a certain tricky piece of snow.

## TALL GUY

Frank Moynihan has been towering over the heads of us low earthlings for some years. Everybody knows this tall, lanky captain of the basketball team, whose popularity has spread far and wide. If you girls long to capture the heart of Pittsfield's leading scorer, keep it in mind that he doesn't like quiet girls. Losing basketball games isn't his idea of a good time, and don't we all heartily agree! Frank is one of those who love to have their own way, so beware, you domineering people! His spare time is occupied by two worthy pastimes: homework (he claims!) and sleeping (we don't doubt it.)

## MR. CHAIRMAN

Step right up, folks, get your tickets to see—the one and only Milton Bass! Chairman of the Mikado ticket committee and a Hi-Y member, he's an ardent basketball fan. Confessing his one antipathy—physics teachers (any species), he is otherwise a very amiable young man, liking everyone (blondes preferred?) One day he hopes to become a doctor—that is, 'less a baker's shop doesn't lure him to his doom, for his one weakness is bread. White, brown, wheat, rye, little loaves and big loaves leave him shaking with ecstasy.

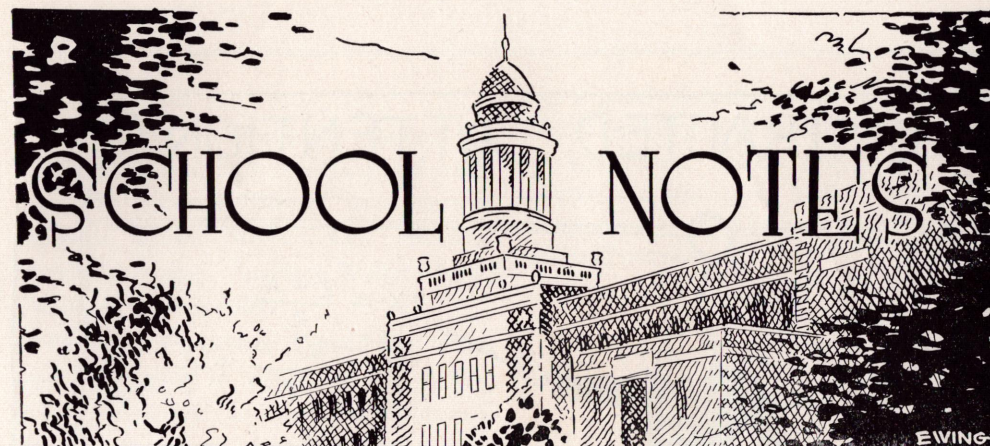
## RIDING ADDICT

Gi-Y's pretty dark-haired president is Helen Hctor, who also has claims to the title of chairman of the ushers for the Mikado. According to Miss Nagle—and Miss Nagle should know—Helen doesn't like to be rushed. "School is pretty nice," says Helen, who dreads the thought of leaving P. H. S. in June. She loves to ride and practically all summer you'll see her mounted on her horse off for a gallop. She wants to go to college in the fall, though she hasn't decided where. She does know that she wants to study floral designing—to be of some help to her florist-father after college.





THE MIKADO



#### SENIOR NOTES

At a recent class meeting Arthur Peltasalo was elected chairman of the Picture Committee. The picture contract was awarded to Shapiro Studios. Very many of our seniors have had to face the birdie and are now anxiously awaiting the outcome of the pictures.

The sub-chairmen of the Senior Year Book have been chosen and work has begun on our final and greatest volume.

The Mikado was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the student body, and each person agreed it was the best ever. Orchids to every member of the cast and chorus who gave the rest of us two grand hours of enjoyment that will never be forgotten!

#### JUNIOR NOTES

Although the Prom will be held in May, three months away, the sub-chairmen and committees are in the process of being organized by General Chairman Joseph Coughlin. The sub-chairmen are: Decoration, Fred Thrane; Refreshment, Gertrude O'Malley; Reception, Virginia Gamwell; Invitation, Marjorie Bergain; House, Robert Johnson; and Tickets, Willys Monroe.

Life has been sweet for the juniors for the past few weeks with no impending danger of a Departmental in Intermediate Algebra. How long can this utopian state last?

#### SOPHOMORE NOTES

Be sure to reserve April 5 in your little date book (take notice, boys). Reason: the girls' gym exhibition will be held that night, and the sophomores, in those tricky red suits, are going to steal the show.

We hope that the upper classmen have noticed the decided improvement in the sophomores' speech. With the advent of compositions, they have been studying the many pronunciations of the letter "a". The common "grass" has become "grahss", and likewise "class", "clahss". Now we "ahsk" you, isn't that cute?

The biology classes have commenced to cut up—and that has a double meaning. The primary meaning refers to the plight of the poor, defenseless worm and frog. (P. S. It's been rumored that certain biology teachers have been caught in the act of conducting private funeral services for the deceased creatures after class.)

#### FOR SOPHOMORES ONLY

Did you know that—

1. Ninety per cent of the water that goes over Niagara Falls never comes back?
2. Mud, if thrown into a pitcher of water, will settle to the bottom, but you can't hasten the process by pushing it down with your hands?
3. King Louis XIV wore clothes that are now considered old-fashioned?





# STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club, which was organized last fall, recently held its first semi-annual meeting. The following officers were elected: President, Harry Wolfe; Vice President, Donald Moynihan; Secretary, Walter Morin, Treasurer, Melvin Allen.

The retiring president, Donald Moynihan, read his report, in which he told of the growth of the club and its accomplishments. Through the efforts of Miss Marian Bulger, adviser, Mr. Robert Newman, librarian, and Mr. Ralph Williams, philatelist, a very successful period was held. An interesting exhibit was held in the library shortly before the Christmas vacation. Meetings in the future will be held bi-monthly.

# DEBATING NOTES

The Debating Club held its semi-annual meeting on January 12. George Walsh read a report on the activities of the club for the first half of the year; this report will be kept in the permanent file he established. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Herbert Boyajian; Vice President, Arthur Teot; Secretary, Winifred Aitchison. Stanley Cohen was appointed parliamentarian.

At the next meeting a debate was held on whether or not the United States should give aid to Finland. At the following meeting we all had ourselves in the positions of kidnapers, kidnappers' victims, and victims' relatives trying to decide whether or not the payment of ransoms should be made illegal. The next week we had a debate on the subject, Resolved: That the United States government should own and operate the railroads. The following week we held a question bee, from which William Gardiner emerged the victor.

The whole club is looking forward to hav-

ing a panel discussion with the Lee High School Debating Club sometime this spring in our auditorium. We are going to have many worthwhile good times in the future. Certainly anyone who is sufficiently interested to join will not regret it.

# GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Fifteen new members have joined the Girls' Glee Club, making a total of one hundred twelve in the club now.

Under the supervision of Mr. Gorman the girls are preparing a new and varied program for a spring concert to be held May tenth. It's sure to be good, so reserve that date in your little red book. Among the songs which will be sung are Massenet's "Morning Song"; "Moonlit Meadows" ("Love's Dream After the Ball") by Czibulka; and "God of All Nature" from Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony.

# MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The activities of the Motion Picture Club for the month of January centered around the picture "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Topics on the picture were:

Setting—Ruth Garner

Customs at that time—Besse Koulgag

Punishment of the Middle Ages—Janet Herie

Music—Irene Gallipeau

Thomas Mitchell—Viola Liccardi

Maureen O'Hara—Anna Aulisi

Authenticity of the picture—Carolyn Vergati

Make-up—Janet Herie

A scrapbook committee has been formed with Janet Herie as chairman.

For the month of February the club studied "The Fighting 69th."





By Betty Moore

FOR a hair-raising adventure story involving plenteous thrills, spills, and what have you, by all means select "Inland Deep" by Tooker. It also involves a love interest which can be either heeded or ignored according to the reader's pleasure, for the story really concerns the strange experiences of three people in some vast underground caverns into which they unwittingly stumble. They discover a small world in itself within the caverns. Indeed, a bit of the past is preserved within their boundaries and inhabited by such prehistoric animals as dinosaurs, pterodactyls and others equally dangerous. How the characters are trapped in this forsaken place, with violent death threatening at every step, makes a strange and thrilling story.

For those who love the beauty and isolation of the "hill country", "The Sleigh Bell Trail" by Mae F. Jay provides excellent reading. The author has accurately portrayed the beauty and splendor of the hills, and the effect which they have upon those mortals who make their homes among them.

For further reading:—

"Stories Postage Stamps Tell" by Rothschild

"Behave Yourself" by Betty Allen

"The Amateur Photographer's Handbook"

By T. Crowell

"How to Become a Good Dancer"

By Arthur Murray

"Alone" by Richard E. Byrd

"Under Twenty" by Mrs. Mary Becker

"Campus Days" by Ralph Paine

"Buff: a Collie" by Albert Terhune

"The Duke Decides" by John Tunis

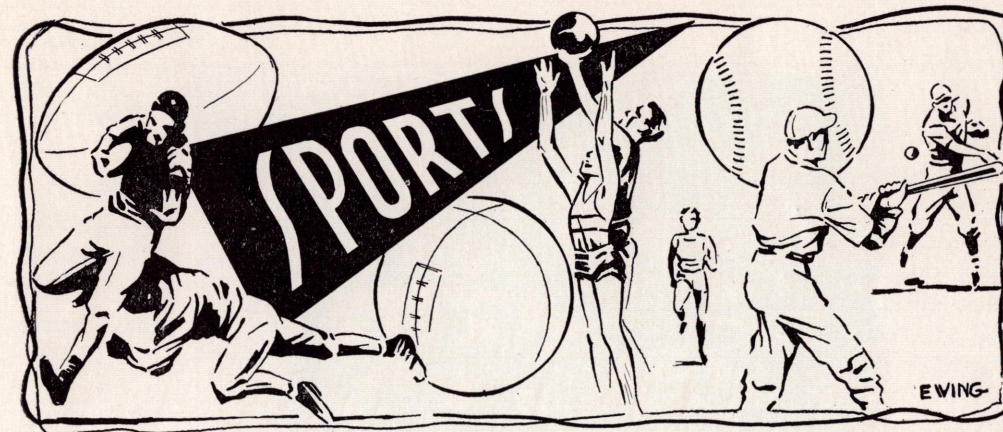
## ASSEMBLIES

Tibet—the mysterious and exciting, became real to us at Mr. Theos Bernard's enjoyable A. I. E. E. lecture February seventh. Through an entertaining talk and colorful movies we saw the real Tibet, and that name means more to us now than just a yellow spot on the map of Asia. He described his journey to the "Penthouse of the Gods", donning a costume which he wore on the trip. If you should see, then, one of your classmates strolling the halls garbed in some bag-like clothing, you'll know it was the effect of this fascinating lecture.

The dream of the future—television—became an actuality to us through Lewis Hoskins' lecture on January thirtieth. The intricacies of television mechanics were made clear before Mr. Hoskins demonstrated exactly how the television set works, giving two of our fellow students the honor of being the first in the school to have their pictures transmitted.

Though girls' make-up is a delicate art, a far more complex job must be done for television. A demonstration, showing the fantastic colors of yellow, blue, and green, provoked laughs from all of us. We left the assembly with a clearer understanding of the magic of television.

On February twelfth a very appreciative audience heard Mr. Delbert Harter give a very interesting account of his travels in many foreign countries. His down-to-earth, human experiences enthralled us all as we listened with undivided attention to his fascinating talk. Decidedly at ease before an extra-large audience, Mr. Harter put us in high spirits with his gay and comic stories. He exhibited some very dangerous-looking swords as well as many curious relics from his travels. He left us with a few parting words of advice saying that there is no place on earth like this country for individual freedom and happiness. Somehow we know he's right.



## WILLIAMSTOWN ROBS PITTSFIELD

By Tony Tagliente

On Saturday night, February 3, the Pittsfield quintet met a fighting Williamstown five at the Armory and played the closest and hardest fought game of this season. In the first quarter the Pittsfield lads were lagging shortly behind with the score 4-6, but in the second quarter Moynihan spurred Pittsfield by contributing three successive baskets and at the end of the second period Pittsfield led, 18-13.

The most spectacular and most hard fought part of the game was the last half; both teams played well, with Williamstown having the better of it.

As time was getting short in the final period Pittsfield led, but the Williamstown boys took shots from every angle of the court in hopes of catching up with and possibly beating Pittsfield. Hart, a colorful Williamstown guard, sank a long shot which tied the game 28-28 and a few moments later the fourth period ended.

In the sudden death period, Cunningham, the Williamstown captain, hooped the shot which won the game. Final score: Williamstown 30, Pittsfield 28.

## DRURY TURNS BACK PITTSFIELD

By Joseph Tagliente

In January Pittsfield suffered a last minute defeat at the hands of the Drury quintet at the State Armory. Drury held a commanding lead in the first quarter 12-3, but Pittsfield rallied strongly in the second period, making the score Drury 16, Pittsfield 15 at the half.

Beginning the third quarter, Lesage made a basket for Drury. Then Quirk and McGill made good on charity shots. Pittsfield then took the lead with a basket by Heidel, followed by a Moynihan foul shot. Kronick of Drury tallied a hoop, the third period ending, 26-21 in Pittsfield's favor. The last period was the most exciting part of the game. After Grady sank a foul shot, Kronick sank a hoop for Drury. Henderson completed two foul shots and Lesage made a two-pointer. Frank LiMardi, our tall, dark, and handsome center, came through with two foul shots at a perilous moment. Iacusse, coming into the game at the last moment, scored a basket to tie the score. After being fouled, Iacusse converted a foul shot which gave Drury the lead. He then went on to tally another basket, making the final score Drury 32, Pittsfield 29.





THE HOCKEY TEAM

## FORMER P. H. S. ATHLETES

By Joseph Tagliente

Pittsfield High has produced many fine athletes, some of whom have gone on to various colleges throughout New England. A few of these boys who are now engaged in winter sports are:

Walter Skrowonski, the diminutive star of last year's basketball team, plays forward for Company I and at present is the highest scorer in the city's semi-pro league.

Ralph Renzi and Howie Gleason, both on the freshman football team at Williams, have taken up wrestling as a winter sport.

Bill Ford, besides playing quarterback on the football squad, is also a forward for the Deerfield Academy basketball team.

Les Brown, being high scorer on the freshman basketball team last winter, is a substitute center on the varsity hoop squad at the University of Vermont.

George "Bunker" Hill is captain of the basketball team at Hyannis Teachers', playing either center or forward. He also was his Conference's champion, both in the high and the broad jump last spring and an end on the football team.

Joseph "Jake" Barnini is a high scoring forward for Blue Ridge College. He also played half-back on the football team and outfielder on the baseball team.

Ralph Simmons, named captain of the football team at Massachusetts State and most outstanding linesman in New England, now plays hockey.

Jack Rice, besides being a first-string tackle at Williams, is on the hockey team.

Dudley Head, who is a varsity guard on the football team at Williams, was chosen on the All-New England small college football team and is Captain of the varsity hockey team.

## SEARLES NOSES OUT P. H. S.

By Joseph Tagliente

In a close contest Pittsfield took a bitter defeat at the hands of a Searles quintet. Pittsfield started off fine in the first quarter, scoring seven points to Searles' five, but in the second period she was held scoreless while Searles scored twelve points to take the lead and keep it throughout the game. The half ended Searles 17, Pittsfield 7.

Pittsfield showed a better defense in the third period, allowing Searles no baskets. Joe McGill sank a basket for Pittsfield to break the non-scoring jinx. Smigel made a foul shot for Searles, while Moynihan dropped a long shot. The quarter ended definitely in Searles' favor, 18-11. In the fourth period the Purple and White rallied, but both Keefe and Soldati scored hoops to pull Searles out of danger. Quirk, however, made a basket to keep P. H. S. in the race. Shortly after, Moynihan completed two free shots, making the score 23-21 in favor of Searles. Dolby, not the first last-minute substitute to rob the Pittsfield hoopsters of a game, sank a hoop to establish his team's lead. Dezieck then went on to tally another. The game ended Searles 27, Pittsfield 21.

The high scorer of the game was Dezieck of Searles. Frank Li Mardi and Gene Quirk played well for Pittsfield, each turning in six points.

He: "Let's stop dancing. I'm all worn out."

She: "You've been on your feet too much?"

He: "Yes, you and me both."

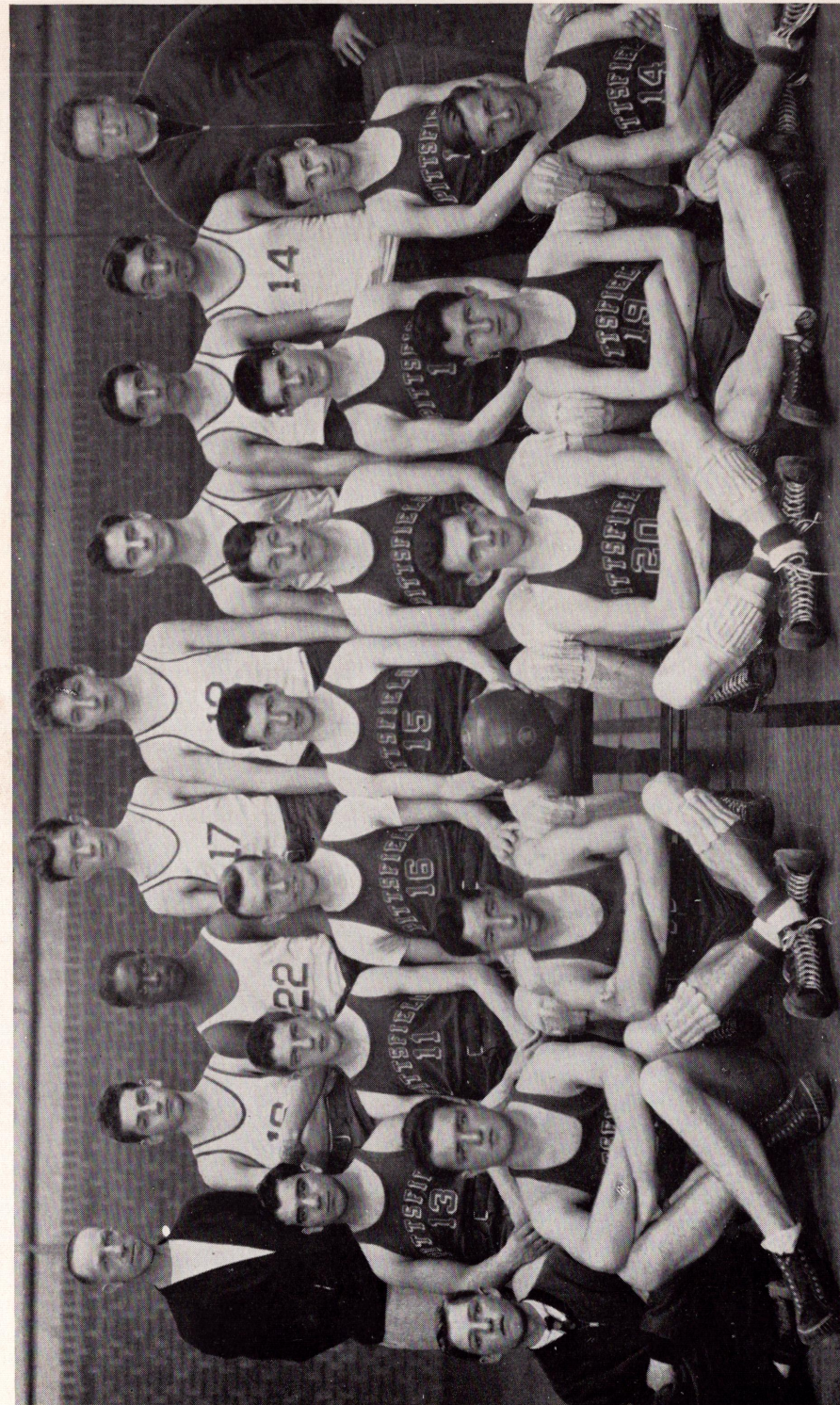
Teacher: "Johnny, what is the fastest growing thing in the world?"

Johnny: "Fish."

Teacher: "Yes?"

Johnny: "Dad caught one once, and it grows six inches every time he talks about it."





THE BASKETBALL TEAM

# P. H. S. LOSES TO NORTH ADAMS "SAINTS"

By George Grover

Pittsfield High's basketball team suffered its third straight Northern Berkshire League defeat at the hands of St. Joseph's of North Adams by a 26-21 score.

The "Saints" were leading all the way, but their lead was reduced considerably in the last half. They didn't use any substitutions all during the game, and their team seemed to be getting a little tired in the closing minutes.

High scorer for the Saint Joseph team was Jimmy Sheridan, speedy guard, who had 5 baskets to his credit. "Jumping" Joe McGill was high scorer for Pittsfield with 7 points, while Gene Quirk, who divided his time between guard and forward, had 5 points.

## HOLYOKE REPEATS

By Fred Cande

The Pittsfield hockey sextet, hoping to avenge a previous defeat at the hands of the Holyoke pucksters, was doomed to disappointment, for the visitors walked away with a 3-0 win. Holyoke got off to a 1-0 lead in the first period when Brunnelle scored. Pittsfield's hopes to catch up were banished in the third period when Brunnelle and Dion scored on quick breaks. Pittsfield missed quite a few shots at the visitors' goal, but Holyoke passed the puck well and earned their victory.

## DARROW TOPS PITTSFIELD IN OVERTIME

By Fred Cande

On January 31st the Pittsfield hockey squad lost an interesting 4-3 overtime tilt to Darrow school when alumnus Jack Talbot poked in the winning goal with less than a minute of overtime play remaining. Hampered considerably by the small rink Pittsfield never quite got going. Paul Smith, Hank Rosenthal and Billy King did the scoring for

Pittsfield, while Jack Talbot twice and Harris and Meade once each beat Billy Rice in the cage for Pittsfield.

## PITTSFIELD TAKES PHILLIP SCHUYLER HIGH

The Pittsfield sextet kept up its domination of Albany schools by defeating Phillip Schuyler High of that city 4-1. Roche and Kozack each scored twice for Pittsfield while Byer scored for the Albany club. It was a costly victory for Pittsfield, because it cost the services of center Eddie Kellar, who incurred a bad ankle sprain.

## DRURY 46-P. H. S. 29

By Fred Cande

February 9th was a bad day for the P. H. S. basketball team, as it received its worst defeat of the year, a 46-29 drubbing at the hands of the Drury High basketekers. Playing on the huge, waxed surface of the state armory, Pittsfield was outplayed throughout and forced to accept its sixth straight defeat. The slippery floor hampered both sides until Coach Hosley of Drury sent out for some gasoline to put on the soles of the sneakers. This aided some but did not alleviate this obstacle to any great degree. Drury hopped off to a 10-1 lead in the first period and led 25-12 at halftime. Pittsfield crept up a bit during the third period, being on the short end of a 29-20 score at its conclusion, but in the fourth period the Drury squad threw in seventeen points to the Purple's nine to win 46-29. Capt. Frankie Moynihan with ten points and Joe McGill with fifteen scored all but four of Pittsfield's points, Gene Quirk and Bill Hopkins dividing the remaining four. Rinoldi scored sixteen points for the winners.

Teacher: "We offer an excellent course in foreign relations."

Student: "Not interested! All my folks live right here in the United States."



## GIRLS' SPORTS

By Rosemary McHugh and Bertha Thomson

### SWIMMING

At last we find Pittsfield High School represented in swimming competition through the Women's Swimming Auxiliary of the Boys' Club.

The first meet was held February second, at the Pittsfield Boys' Club Swimming Pool; where some of the girls of this school went out for the Western Massachusetts Championships.

The girls of this school who placed in this meet were:

50 yd. Breast Stroke—1st, Rose Reed; 3rd, Bertha Thomson.

50 yd. Back Stroke—1st, Margaret Ward; 3rd, Marjorie Wallin.

100 yd. Freestyle—2nd, Margaret Ward.

The winners of the races received plaques as awards.

On February tenth the girls went out for Junior New England Championships.

Here we find our placers to be:

100 yd. Back. 2nd, Margaret Ward; 4th, Marjorie Wallin.

100 yd. Freestyle—2nd, Ann Roberts.

And—Oh Yes! we have a surprise for our high school sport fans—Three girls from this school set a new New England Record for the Junior 300-yard Medley race, the time was 4.15.2

The girls making up this trio were:

Margaret Ward, a senior, the Back Stroker; Rose Reed, a junior, the Breast Stroker; Ann Roberts, a sophomore, the Freestyler.

The winners of these races received medals and awards. The first placers received a gold one and second placers a silver.

The places not filled in were won by either Worcester, West Springfield or Pittsfield St. Joe girls.

### BASKETBALL

A small tournament is going on in basketball. The Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are all mixed up and are playing against each other. This will continue on for two or three weeks before the Intra-mural tournament.

Good luck, girls!

### EXHIBITION

The next great event to be held at dear old P. H. S. is the Girls' Exhibition.

So far, Miss Ward and Miss MacLaughlin haven't disclosed the program. The way they have been trying to figure out ideas, for this wonderful occasion, and the way the girls have been trying to carry them out, we feel sure it is going to be a great success.

### SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL

Library posters . . . Don Lord receiving his dessert from someone's dainty fingers (three guesses) . . . the ice and gravity playing a dirty trick on Miss Ward. . . Frank Stracuzzi perched on a window sill (maybe Darwin's right after all!) . . . Robert Herd all alone after the Mikado (tsk, tsk). . . Robert Wood deciding to turn over a new leaf and be ver-ry gay (watch out girls!). . . Wally Meyer sleeping, oh, so peacefully in the library. . . Bob Finnegan admitting that the Mikado was a very romantic production . . . more library posters. Charlotte Corkhill falling downstairs (or was it up?). . . A groove worn in the hall in front of Room 307 (wasn't there before Mr. Hennesy was ill). . . Paul Sherman blushing about a certain history lesson. . . Mr. McKenna declaring emphatically that if you think "conjugal" means happy—you're ver-ry ver-ry wrong! . . . Bob Langley with the most bee-yoo-ti-ful shiner (and it wasn't a door!) . . . Brown eyes and a clarinet.

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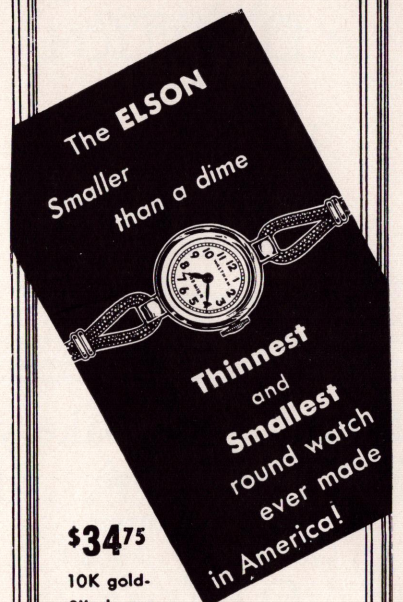
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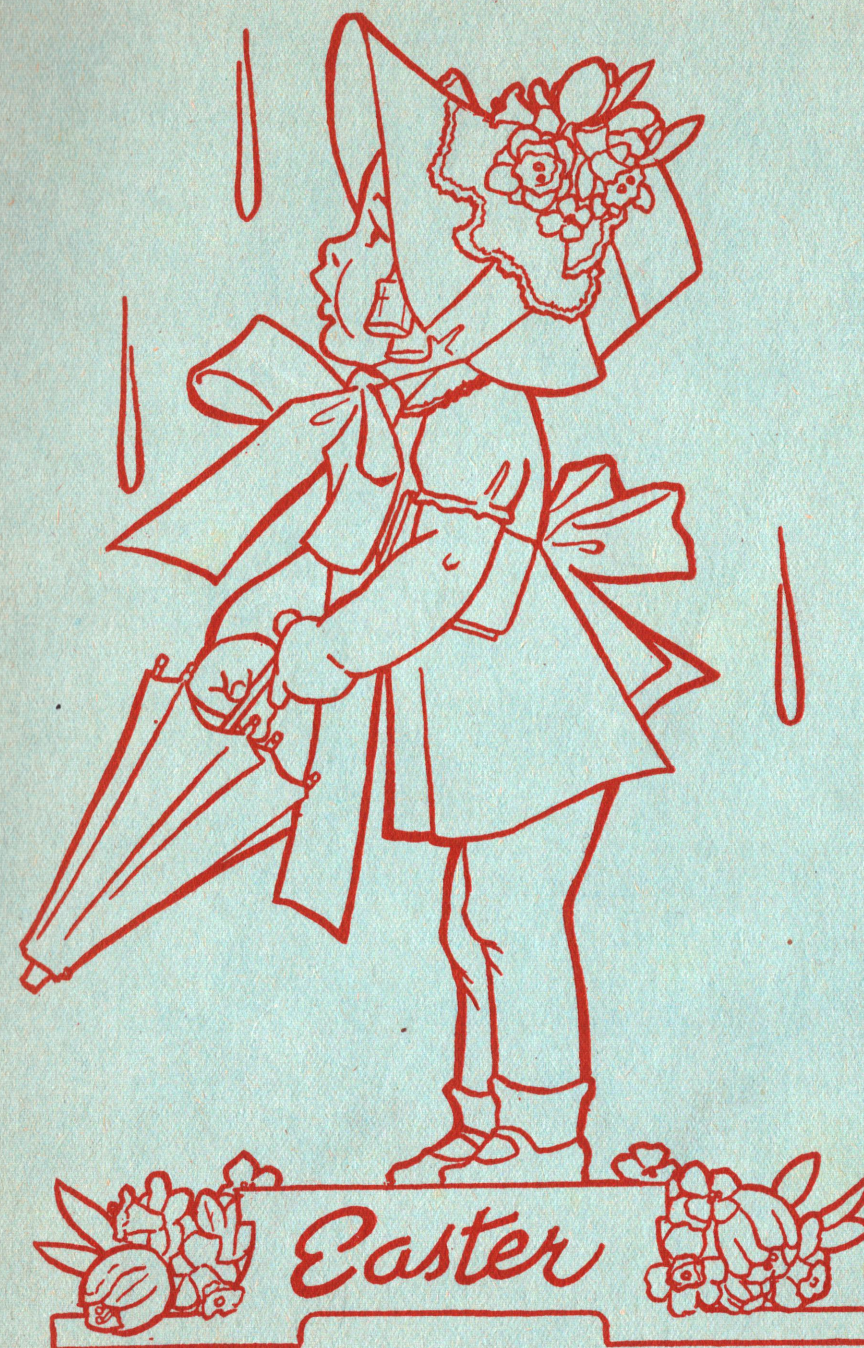
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# The Student's Pen



March, 1940